

"ELEPHANT MAN" DIFF'RENT CLASSICAL BEAT BOOK DON DAVE  
MAN" STROKES MAGAZINES LISTS MARTIN BERG

No.  
236  
Dec.  
'81

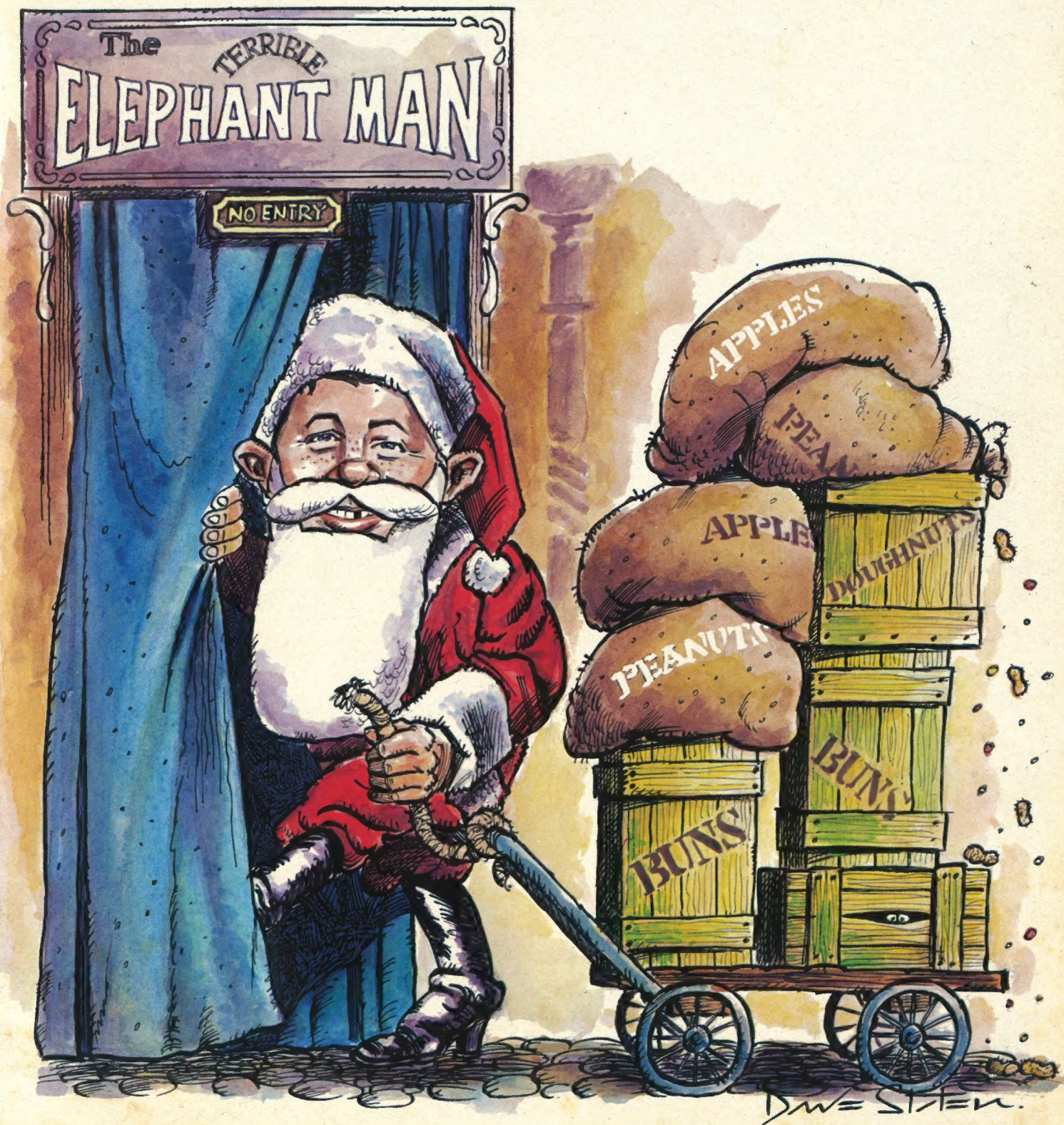
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# MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

*"The main thing wrong with the younger generation is: A lot of us don't belong to it anymore!"—Alfred E. Neuman*

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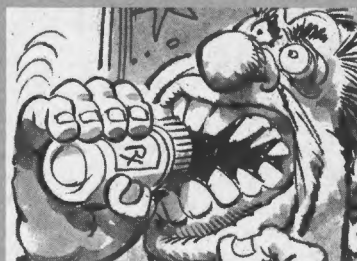
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# WHY KILL YOURSELF?



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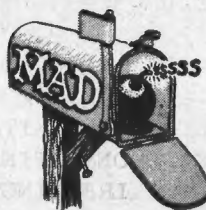
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## LETTERS DEPT.



Those of our readers who have been with us over the past few years will have noticed that about this time of year we put up the cover price! Well, we're sorry to disappoint you, this year the price remains the same!

This has been achieved by stringent economies such as recycling our tea-bags, offering a 10% wage award (downwards) and cutting back on our daily intake of Scotch.

Our main feature this month on Elephant Man is the latest contribution of Dave Stoten & Neil Bailey. The boys come from Luton which only goes to show that Luton doesn't only produce cars, hats and a football team.

Next month we're featuring 'Excalibur' and a MAD spoof on Horror Movies! Make sure you get your copy by placing a regular order with your newsagent. If you have trouble getting a copy please let us know. Have a great Christmas...

Editor

## THE PROFESSIONALS

Dear Mad,

My congratulations on the 'Professionals' feature. It was really professional!

Terry Baker  
Plymouth

Dear Mad,

Was delighted to see your feature on 'The Professionals'. It is nice to see some British features in MAD! When can we see some more?

Chris Norton  
Bristol

Dear Mad,

Were you kidding us about the letter from George Lucas in issue 229? No wonder it takes three years for a "Star Wars" sequel, he must spend all his time reading MAD (like I do!)

Antony Sloan  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne

*No, we weren't kidding*

## A BAD NEWS TEACHER

In every issue you pose the question: "Why kill yourself?" If you ever saw my science teacher you'd have your answer!

Marcella Green  
New York, NY

# MAD MAIL

## 'POPEYE'

Dear Mad,

Loved the 'POPEYE' feature in fact loved the whole issue in spite of not knowing quite where to turn to first! You know, you guys really *are* mad!

Donna Carson  
Liverpool

Dear Mad,

What's with the double cover? My newsagent went berserk figuring out which was the front and I went berserk trying to find out why the book was upside down halfway through. However, when I did get round to realising it I couldn't resist writing to offer my thanks to Drucker, Hart, Torres and De Bartolo for a really great issue.

Dennis Reed  
Brentford Middx

## HELP!

Am in desperate need of issue 203, will pay £1 for a copy.

R. Rawling  
16 Hepworth Cresc. Churchwell, Leeds.

Am interested in obtaining old or new American Mads.

Contact S. Davies, 12 Willis Close, Whiston, Merseyside.

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With the British film industry in such a sorry state at the moment, British movies are truly a rare species; several months ago one appeared on the scene that featured a member of another pretty rare species . . . a man who not only looked like an elephant but also spoke as clearly as one! Perhaps it should have been called . . .

# THE ELEPHONETIC MAN

ARTIST: DAVE STOTEN WRITER: NEIL BAILEY

This is a film about a guy with a **big head** and **speech impediment** who is outcast by society.

Outcast by Society? With **qualifications** like that he **could** have become a **rock singer!**

Its **disgusting;** poor, defenceless people being put on **display** as horrible freaks of nature . . .

Ah . . . So you've seen Blankety Blank too.

I hear that **John Wewick's** mother was the **victim** of one of the most **ferocious** stampedes ever.

God. The elephants must have been **really wild.**

What elephants? She was caught in the **Sale** at Harrods!

I hear that the make-up for this film took **seven hours** to put on **everyday!**

Well. What's so unusual about that?!!

Isn't that **Dr. Frederick Grieves**, the famous Doctor who helps sick, tormented, defenceless individuals?

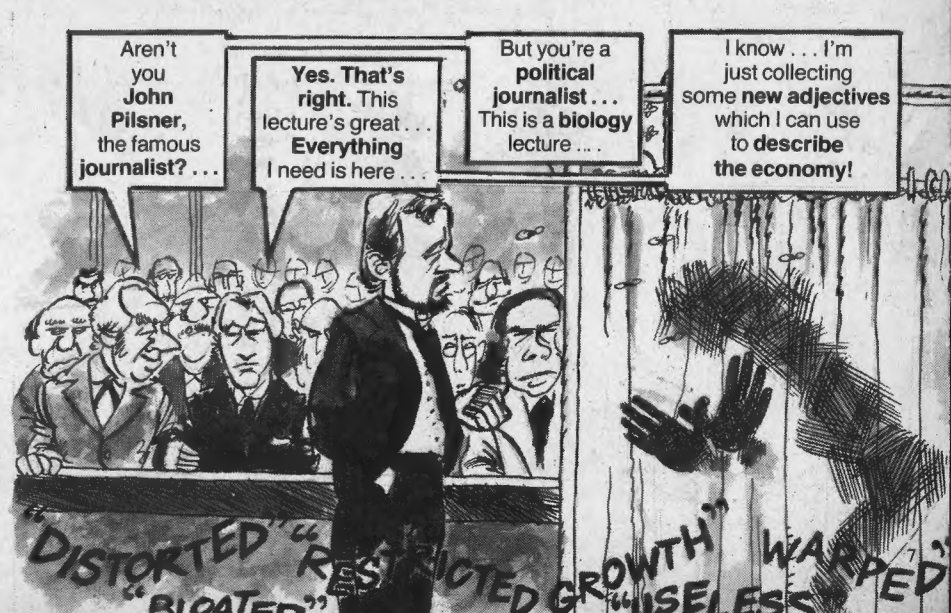
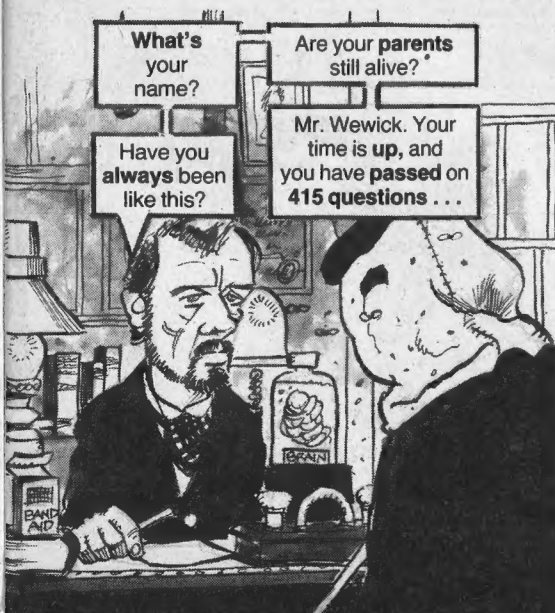
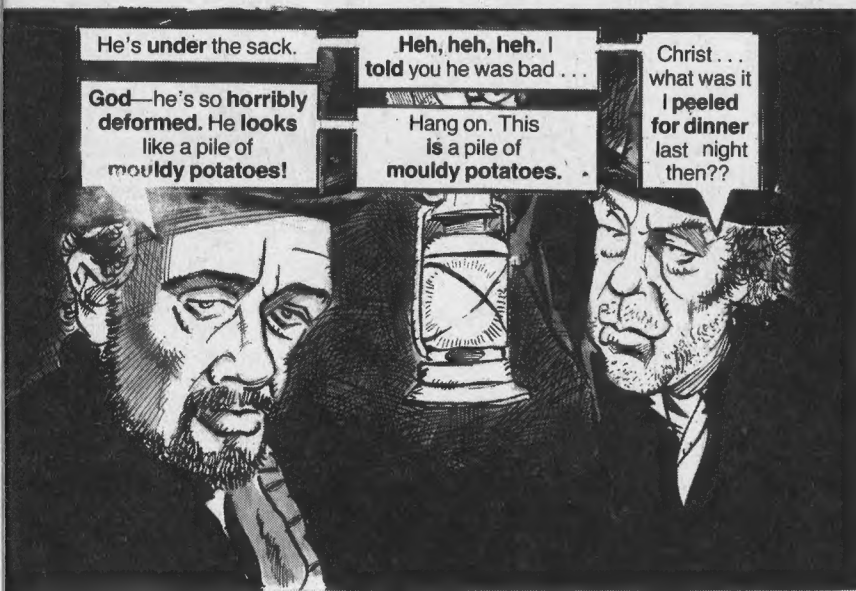
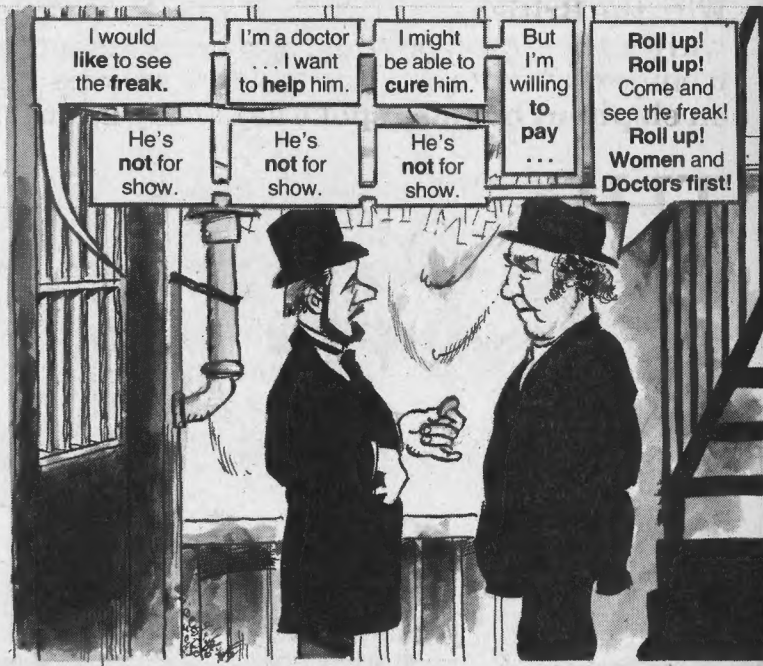
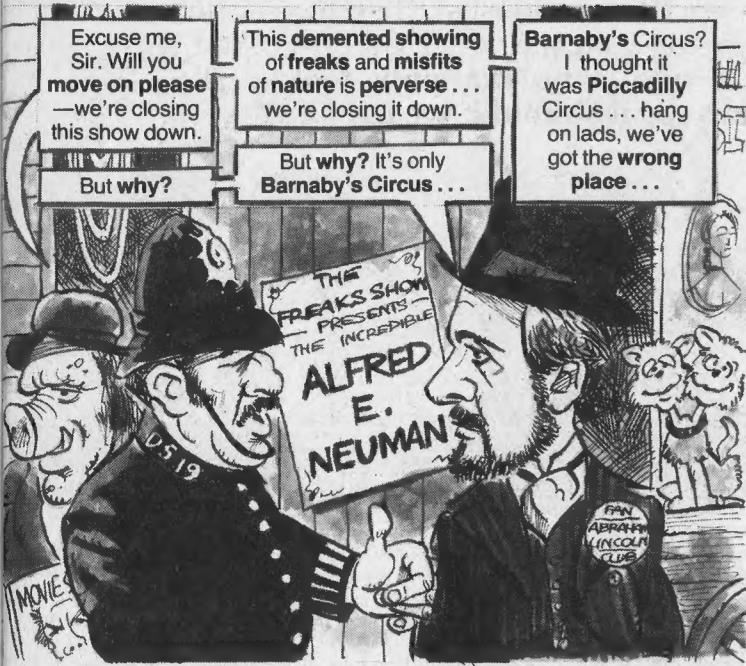
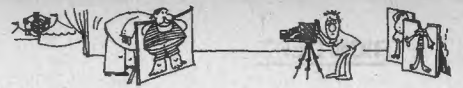
Yes . . . Where does he work . . . London Hospital?

... No . . . Chelsea Football Club!

... AND HE WAS BITTEN BY A **RADIOACTIVE ELEPHANT**...!!









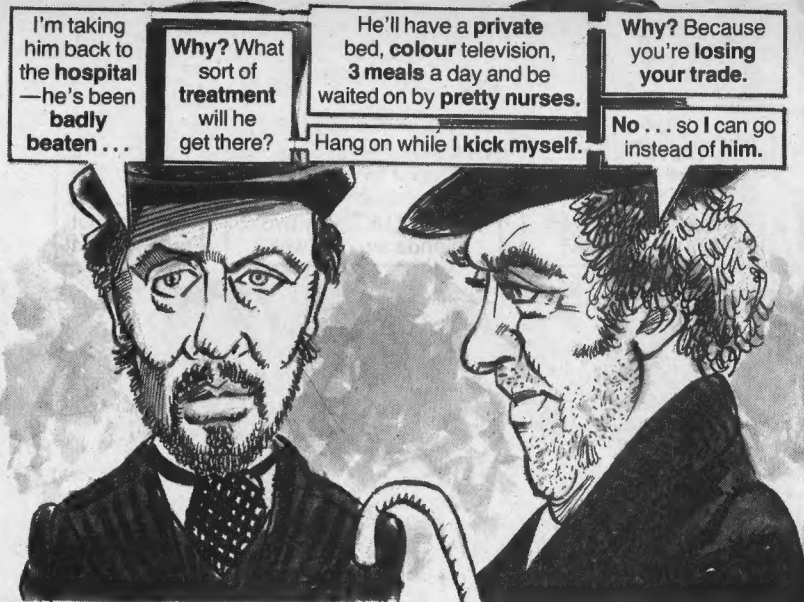


Frights, stop! You'll kill him!

Kill him? But I'm only testing his reflexes by hitting his knee ...

That's his head you're hitting ...

His head??!! God. He really is badly deformed!

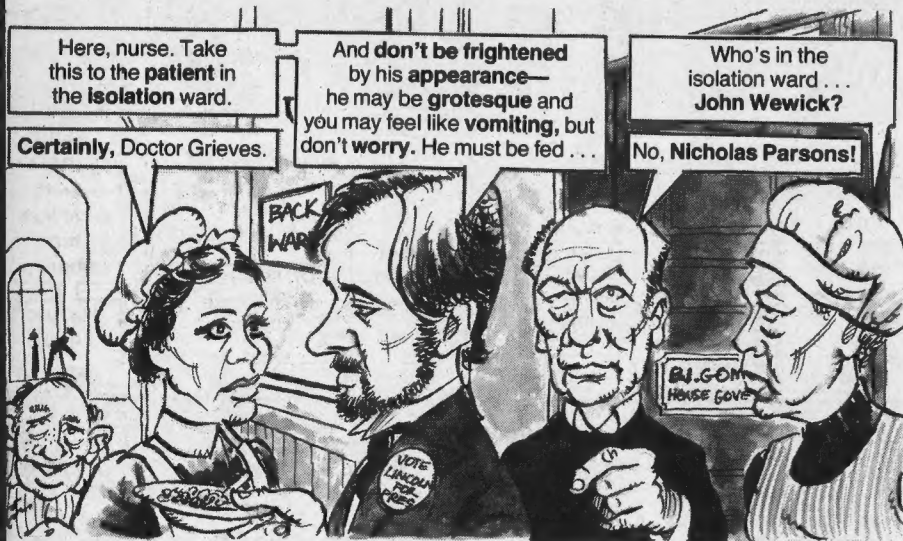


I'm taking him back to the hospital — he's been badly beaten ...

Why? What sort of treatment will he get there?

He'll have a private bed, colour television, 3 meals a day and be waited on by pretty nurses. Hang on while I kick myself.

Why? Because you're losing your trade. No ... so I can go instead of him.



Here, nurse. Take this to the patient in the isolation ward.

Certainly, Doctor Grieves.

And don't be frightened by his appearance— he may be grotesque and you may feel like vomiting, but don't worry. He must be fed ...

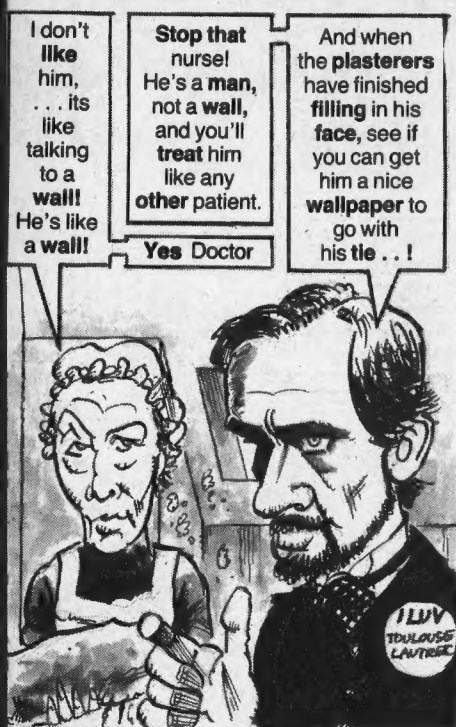
Who's in the isolation ward ... John Wewick?

No, Nicholas Parsons!



Look at that nurse panicking! What a bad example she's setting!

Panicking? She's not panicking ... she's just singing along with that Kate Bush record on the radio!

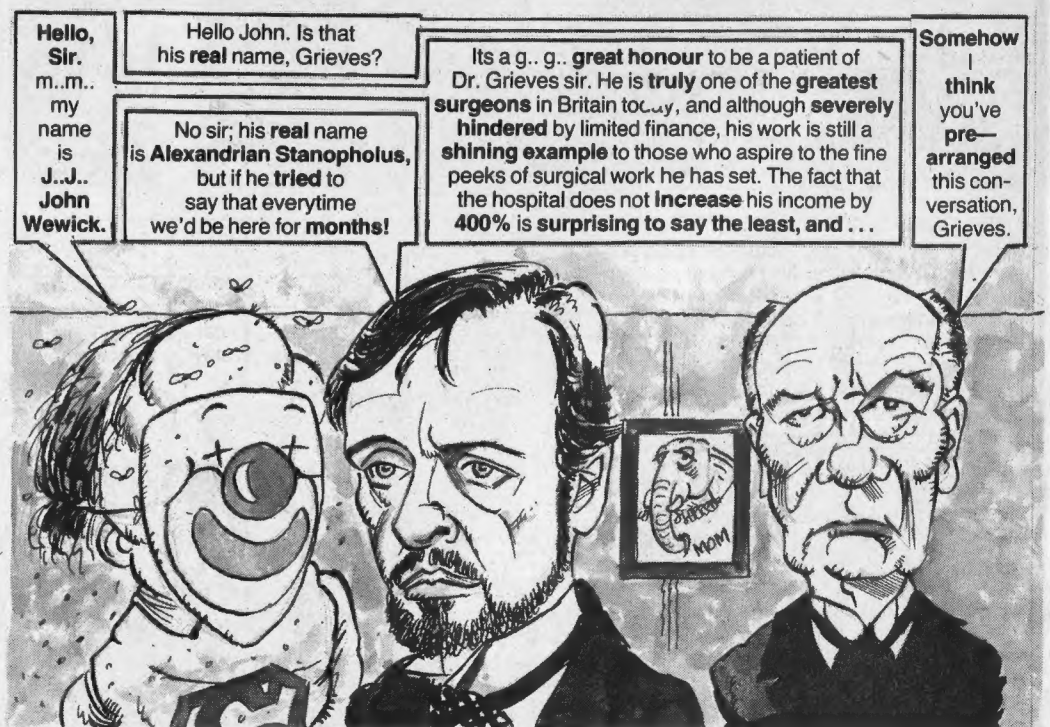


I don't like him, ... its like talking to a wall! He's like a wall!

Stop that nurse! He's a man, not a wall, and you'll treat him like any other patient.

Yes Doctor

And when the plasterers have finished filling in his face, see if you can get him a nice wallpaper to go with his tie ...!



Hello, Sir. m... my name is J.J.. John Wewick.

Hello John. Is that his real name, Grieves?

No sir; his real name is Alexandrian Stanopholus, but if he tried to say that everytime we'd be here for months!

Its a g.. g.. great honour to be a patient of Dr. Grieves sir. He is truly one of the greatest surgeons in Britain today, and although severely hindered by limited finance, his work is still a shining example to those who aspire to the fine peaks of surgical work he has set. The fact that the hospital does not increase his income by 400% is surprising to say the least, and ...

Somehow I think you've pre-arranged this conversation, Grieves.



How would you like to see a really horrible sight ... One that will make your flesh crawl?

You mean the **elephonic** man? Great—do you mind if I bring my two friends along as well?

Look, I said I was showing horrors, not buying them!

And this is a picture of my mother ...

But she's beautiful ...

Yes. I must have been a **great disappointment** to her ...

No, no, Mr. Wewick. That's not true ... Just think how much it would have **cost** her to buy a **real elephant**.

Do you like my model nurse?

It's **very** good, Mr. Wewick, but how did you manage it? You've only got an **empty cereal box**, a roll of **sticky tape** and some **sticky-back plastic**, and you can only see a **church spire** from your window—this is a **full-scale model** of London!

Oh, I just used my **imagination** and a copy of "The Blue Peter Book of City construction"!

John, this is Mrs. Frendal.

H...h...hello, Mrs. F...F., Frendal I...I...I've heard a lot about y...you as w...w...well.

I said I...I've heard a lot about y...you as w...w...well.

Dr. Grieves, I can't make out what he's saying ...

You think he's bad? You should have met his father ...

He had a lisp!!

Hello, Mr. Wewick, I've heard so much about you.

Pardon?

I think it's **disgraceful** that we should keep this ... this **freak** in our hospital.

Why should we spend **tax-payers' money** on financing this living disaster's life of **padded luxury**?

I cannot see how we can possibly **justify** keeping this monster here ...

It's a **disgrace!** An **outrage!**

It's a good job the **Daily Mirror** hasn't heard about this ...

**SIR!** Mr. Nicholas Parsons left last week ...

Oh! That's okay then.

Sir, if I could just ...

Sir, if you will just let me ...

Sir ...

Good news, John; you can stay!

And we've brought you a **present**; something that, despite your **great disability**, you can use with **great pride** and **joy** everyday. Something to brighten up your life and make it **worth** getting up in the mornings ...

Oh thank you ... thank you ... what is it—**wart remover**?

No ... it's a **hula hoop**



AGGGGHH!!



I understand you can get me to see the **elephonetic man** ...

**Yeh, that's right;** have you seen him before?

Oh yes, we **used** to be **very** close, he and I ...

No, I **used** to **sell** him his **deodorant** ...

You were his **owner**?



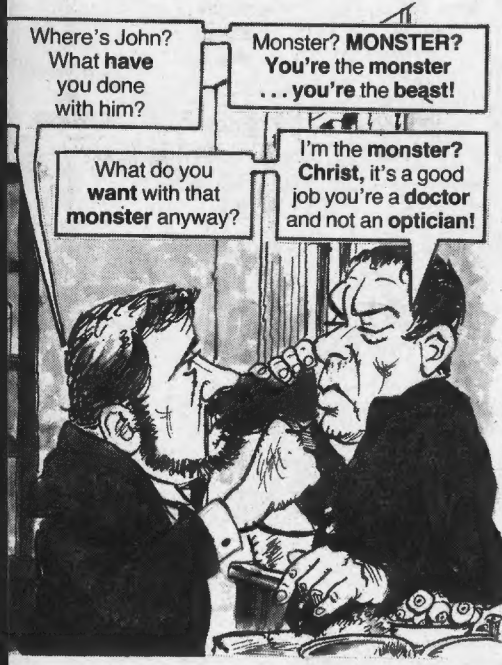
Show him the **MIRROR**.

But we haven't got a copy of the **Mirror** ...

Yes! Yes! the **MIRROR**!

Show him the **Sun**, then!

Yes! **The Sun**! We'll show him how **bad** the outside world really is!



Where's John? What have you done with him?

**Monster? MONSTER?** You're the monster ... you're the beast!

I'm the monster? **Christ**, it's a good job you're a **doctor** and not an **optician**!

What do you want with that **monster** anyway?



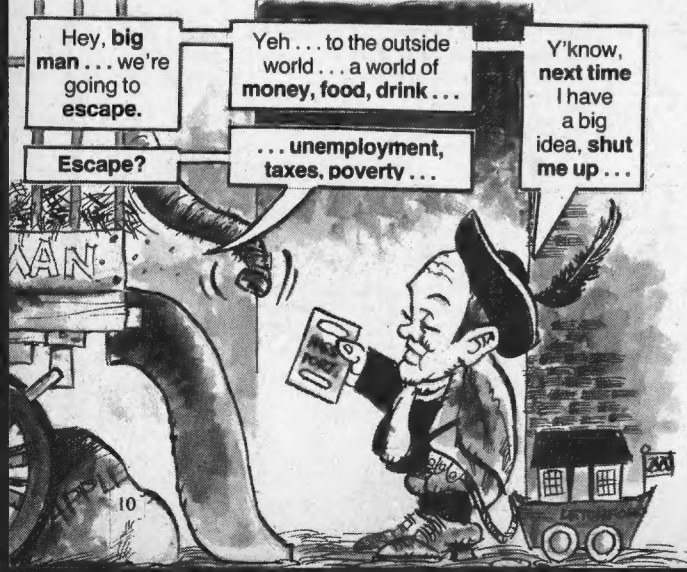
Roll up! Roll up! See the **homme** with a **grand nez**! Roll up! Roll up!

Bah ... eez **useless** ... **é** can't even stand on eez own two legs.

Eh ... I'm adding to his authenticity ... making him stand on **four** legs instead of **two** ...

I'm **surprised** you don't try to make his ears **bigger** ...

I would if I could find them ... !!



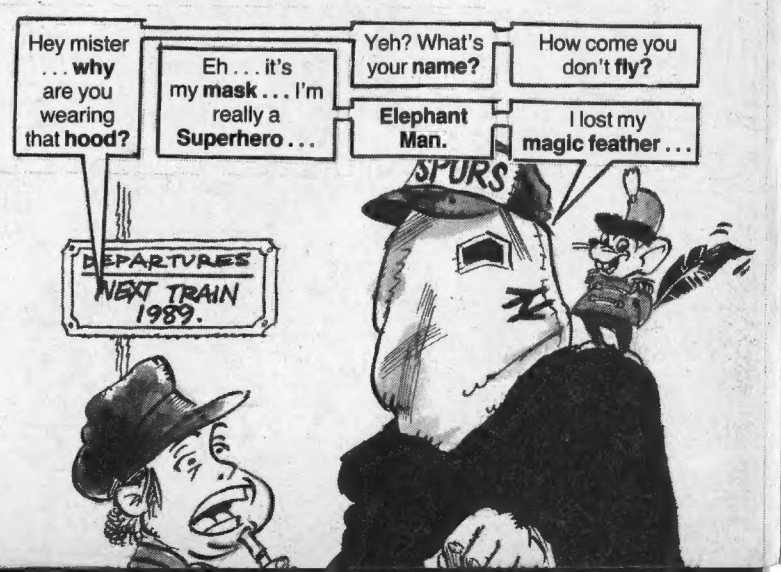
Hey, **big man** ... we're going to **escape**.

Yeh ... to the outside world ... a world of **money, food, drink** ...

**Escape?**

... **unemployment, taxes, poverty** ...

Y'know, next time I have a big idea, shut me up ...



Hey mister ... **why** are you wearing that **hood**?

Eh ... it's my **mask** ... I'm really a **Superhero** ...

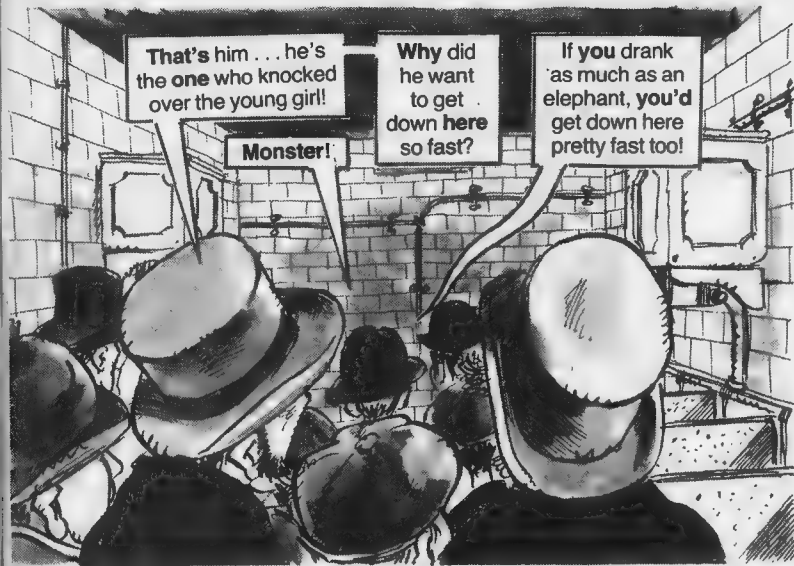
Yeh? What's your **name**?

**Elephant Man**.

How come you don't **fly**?

I lost my **magic feather** ...



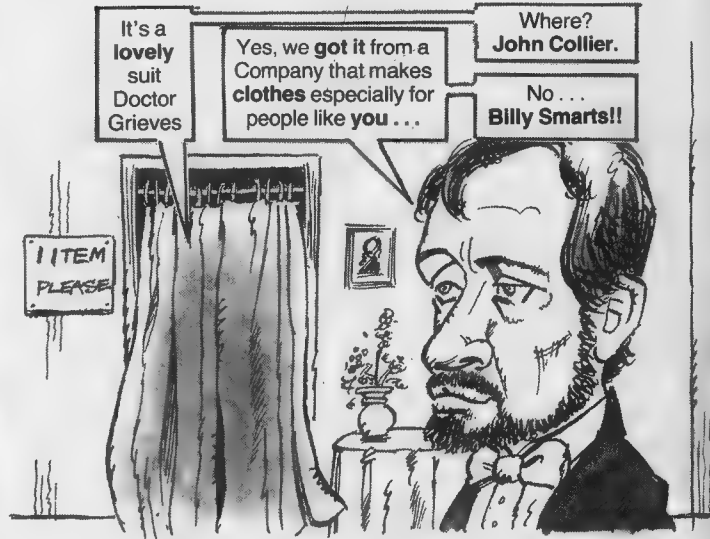


That's him... he's the one who knocked over the young girl!

Monster!

Why did he want to get down here so fast?

If you drank as much as an elephant, you'd get down here pretty fast too!



It's a lovely suit Doctor Grieves

Yes, we got it from a Company that makes clothes especially for people like you...

Where? John Collier.

No... Billy Smarts!!



I wish I could dance properly Doctor Grieves.

If I was you John, I'd just settle for being able to talk properly...

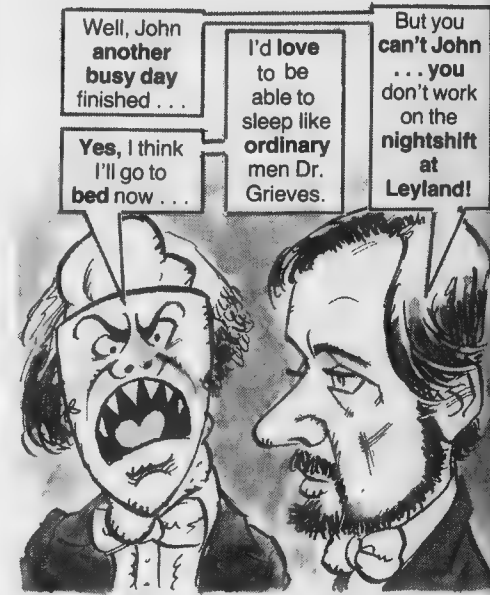
It was nice of Mrs. Frendal to ask me to the ballet Dr. Grieves.

She's a very generous woman—she likes you a lot, John.

She's even offered to take me on a holiday to the Alps...

Oh... What Company are you going with?

Hannibal Package Tours LTD!!!



Well, John another busy day finished...

Yes, I think I'll go to bed now...

I'd love to be able to sleep like ordinary men Dr. Grieves.

But you can't John... you don't work on the nightshift at Leyland!



Well Grieves, John's died—gone to the great elephant's graveyard in the sky...

Yes, he died because he wanted to sleep like a normal man, he wanted to sleep on a lilo...

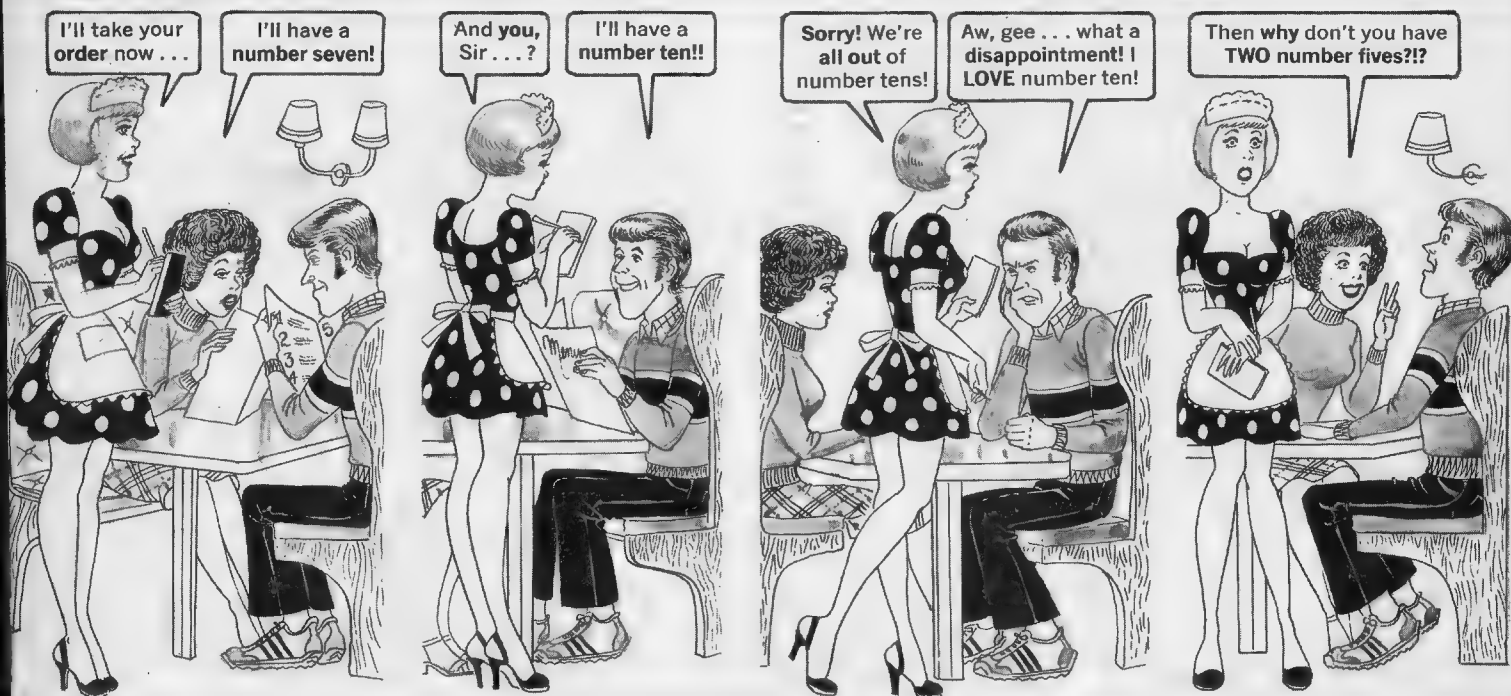
Did the weight of his neck force his head back and suffocate him?

Not quite; he died of exhaustion trying to blow it up!!





## DINING OUT



BERG's-EYE VIEW DEPT.

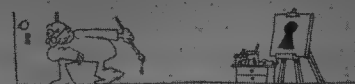
# THE LIGHTE

## COLLECTIONS





# PHOTOGRAPHY



Did you go to the store and pick up the snapshots like I asked you? You probably didn't! You never listen to me! You never remember anything! Oh, you DID get them! Well, thank God for miracles! Let me see them!

This shot is terrible! And this one is awful! And this one stinks! And this one is rotten! And this one is horrible! And this one is catastrophic! In fact, this is the worst batch of pictures I have ever seen in my life!

You can't do anything right! You can't drive a car well! You can't change a washer in a faucet properly! You can't sing on key! And as a photographer, you're the WORST!!

Every picture you took of me has my MOUTH OPEN!!



# R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG

## PUNISHMENT

Hey, Mikey! C'mon out an' play!!

I can't I'm kept in for a week!!

For a week?! WHY? What did you DO?

Nuthin'! Absolutely nuthin'! That's what bugs me! Can you imagine bein' punished for not doin' anythin'? Parents can be so cruel and sadistic sometimes!

I can UNDERSTAND bein' punished for doin' somethin' BAD! But it's UNFAIR to be grounded for somethin' I DIDN'T DO!!

What didn't you do?

My homework!

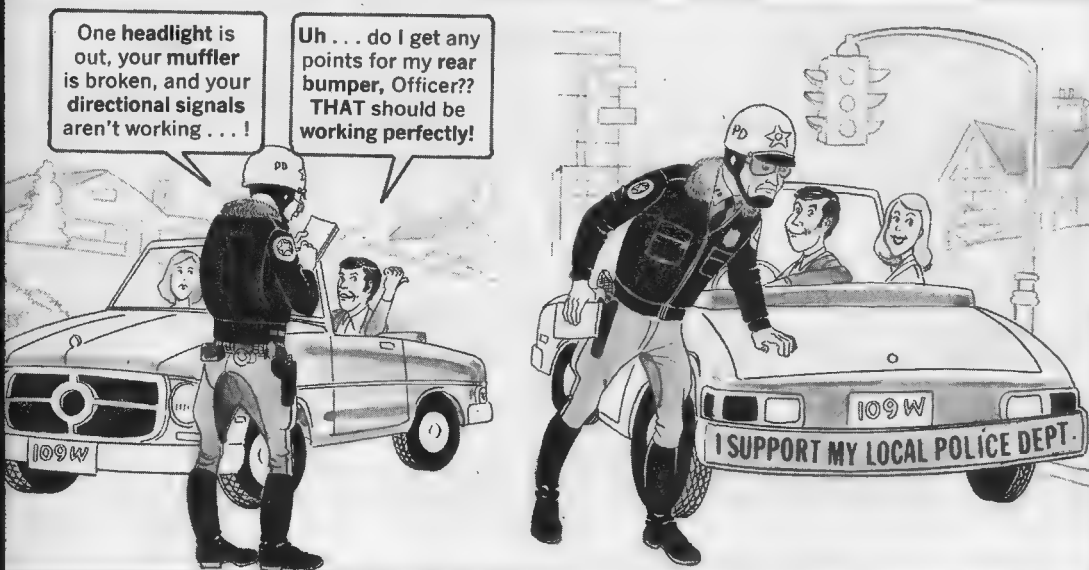




# TELEVISION



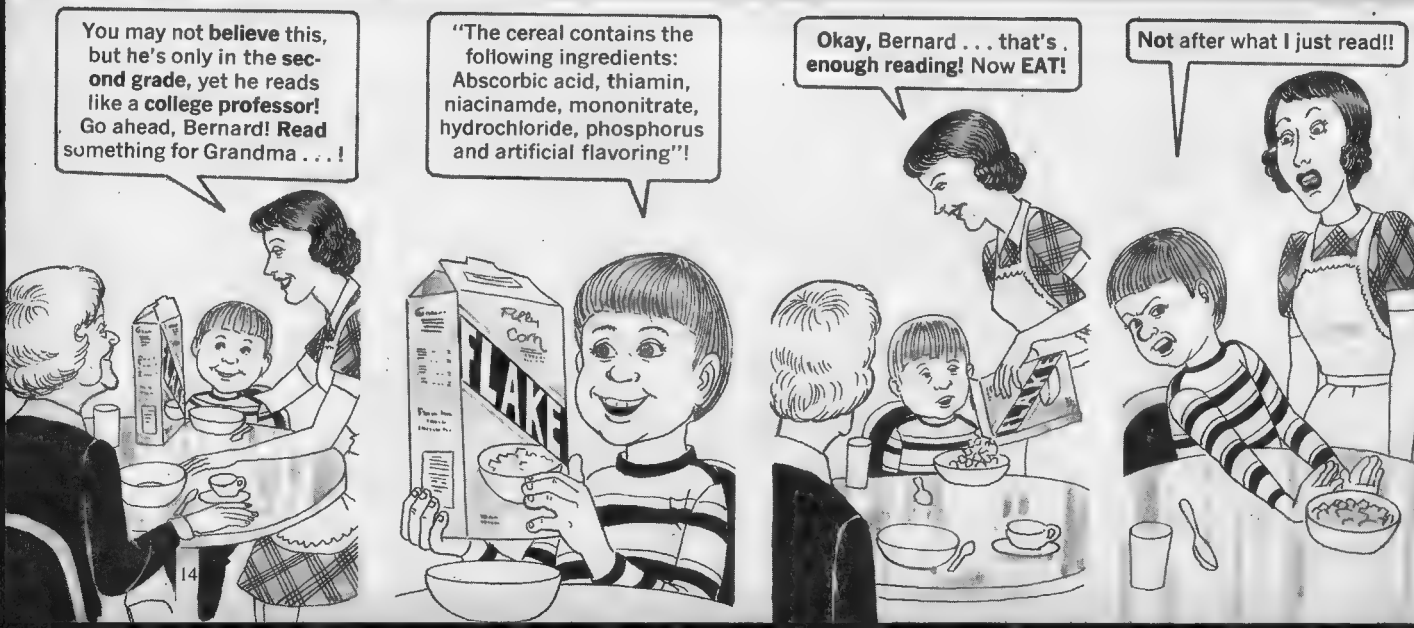
# THE CAR



# TV NEWS

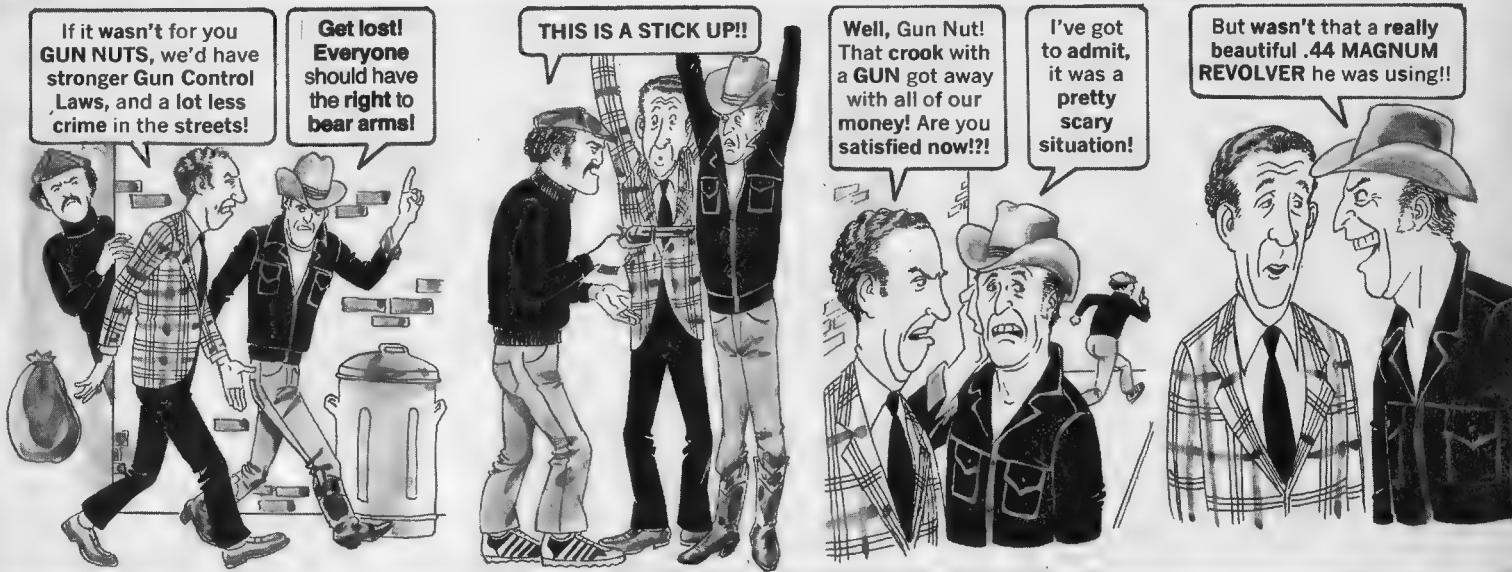


# FOOD





# CRIME



# BOATING



# OBSESSIONS





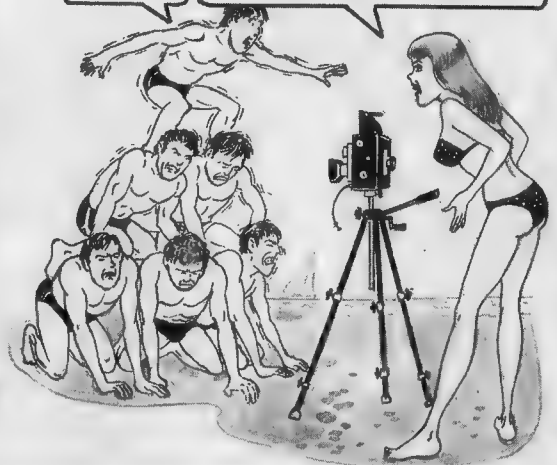
# THE BEACH

We're going to make our famous Incredible Human Pyramid! When we do, you take a picture of it!

Ready . . . ?! ALLEY OOP . . . !!

Okay!!  
Hurry up  
and shoot!

I CAN'T! Somebody's gonna have to come down here and show me how to **WORK** this darn thing!!



# THE TELEPHONE

Hello, Helen? I can hardly hear you! It's a terrible connection! Anyway, listen! I finally got my telephone installed, and now I can tell you all of the juicy gossip I've been saving!

Dorothy and Brad are splitsville! He was playing around! Shirley is seeing a man old enough to be her father! Not only that, he's married! Ann moved in with some guy who's a real nerd! Beverly is pregnant! She says she's married, but I don't believe her!

Jane is hooked on Valium, and she's spaced out most of the time! I've been seeing this dreamboat of a guy! His name is Mike! He's got everything but a job! And . . . Helen, are you **GETTING** all this??

I don't know how she can, Lady! This phone isn't **CONNECTED** yet!!



# ACCIDENTS

OH, MY GOD!! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU???

I had a **SKATEBOARD** accident!

**SKATEBOARD!!!**  
How many times have I told you to wear a helmet?!

Hundreds of times!

So why didn't you put it on???

I was reaching up in my closet to **GET** it, when the skateboard **FELL** on me!!



THIS MARGINAL CLOSED FOR REPAIRS

David Berg



**ROCK OF AGES DEPT.**



To the average teenager, Classical Music can be defined as "anything to the right of Meatloaf and The Dooby Brothers." There's an important reason why this art form is so foreign to them. Teenagers *don't* know what Classical Music *is*! And adults who *do* know don't know how to *sell* it to them! What's needed here is some good modern "hype"! You know, the kind that Rock gets in those Pop Music Fan Magazines! For example, here's one way of doing it:

# CLASSICAL BEAT

**FAB  
FEB  
ISSUE**

**£1.00**

400 pfennigs in  
GERMANY  
(pfree pfor  
senior citizens  
over pfifty)

**The Music Fan Mag For Teenage Longhairs**

**HANSEL UND GRETEL  
COMPOSER ENGELBERT  
HUMPERDINCK SCREAMS:**

**"I'll Sue The Hell Outta  
That Creep Singer Who  
Stole My Name!"**

**"LITTLE RICHARD"  
WAGNER:**

**"I was only following  
orders. They MADE  
me write that  
Nazi Music!"**



**BLONDIE MEETS THE FRANZ**

**The Real Reason Franz Schubert Never Finished That Symphony**

**CRISIS TIME  
FOR THE BEE & GEES  
(BACH, GRIEG, AND GLUCK)  
Hitsville? ... Splitsville?**

**JOEY BRAHMS:  
WHY TEENY-BOPPERS ARE  
ROCKING TO HIS NEW LULLABY**

**EXTRA SPECIAL  
CONTEST BONUS:  
Win A Fabulous Date  
With Kissable  
Jan Paderewski!**

**PLUS: RACHMANINOFF TAKES IT OFF IN A SEXY CENTERFOLD**



# WOLFMAN REMEMBERED!!

The angels may have taken The King of Concertos from us, but Wolfman Mozart will always live in our hearts. And here are some fantastic mementoes to help keep his fabulous memory alive. Buy 'em, save 'em, trade 'em, hang 'em on the wall, glue 'em to your shorts. The King is Dead! LONG LIVE THE KING! (for £65, plus £5 postage)

## Special! Full Color! Wolfman Art Display



Terrific shots of Wolfman in concert, Wolfman at home, Wolfman sleeping, Wolfman eating, Wolfman scratching himself in two exciting places (and we don't mean Paris, France or Vienna, Austria).

## Fabulous Wolfman Mozart Doll



This doll is so real, so life-like, it's like having Wolfman in your own home. It talks, it cries, it wets, it plays 14 musical instruments, and it realistically drops dead at the age of thirty-five!

## Wolfman Musical Faves



A fantastic long-playing music box with all the old bouncy, jumpy, unforgettable Wolfman tunes that you hummed to, whistled to, danced to, and fell in love to, like "Concerto for Two Claviers", "La Clemenza di Tito", and "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"

## Wolfman Childhood Memories



Get this exciting book and learn things about Wolfman's childhood you never knew: his first piano lesson at two months, his first symphony at eight months, his first trip to the Vienna Opera House at 13 months, his first trip to the potty at 15 months, and much much more...

## A Timely Tribute to Wolfman



The only original Wolfman Mozart wrist sundial personally autographed by The King. The Wolfman Mozart Wrist Sun Dial is guaranteed waterproof.

(This offer not good in oceans, lakes and rivers where the sun doesn't shine underwater)

## WOLFMAN REMEMBERED

c/o CLASSICAL BEAT MAGAZINE

Yes, I want to fill my heart with Wolfman and fill your pockets with cash. Enclosed is £65 plus £5 for handling and postage. Send me everything. I am also interested in learning about other dead musical faves that you may be planning to market soon!

NAME .....  
 ADDRESS .....  
 OTHER FAVORITE DEAD MUSICAL HEROES .....  
 LIVE ONES YOU'D LIKE US TO ARRANGE TO HAVE KILLED .....



# LOU BEETHOVEN TELLS IT LIKE IT IS

An Outspoken Interview  
With A 1780's Superstar

by Sax Reed

He's got brown wavy hair that seems to say, "Please run your fingers through me." He's got sexy legs that won't quit on you, and a pair of burning baby blue eyes that could drop a shotzie at 100 paces and leave her gasping for breath. He's tall, dreamy, and talented, and his tunes are going into orbit on all the charts. He's Lou Beethoven, of course, and we broke bread and chatted the other day at Ratskeller 54, the In Spot along Berlin's Great White Way.

We started out by asking him to what he owed his fabulous success. "Hard work, talent, and naturally my terrific agent, Bernie, at Wilhelm Morris," said Lou. "But bottom line, it's luck. You have to anticipate the kind of noise that's going to turn the public on, and then sock it to 'em."

"The way Jojo Bach did years ago with his funky concertos?" we asked.

He nodded. "But the times they are a-changing. The kids don't dig hard Bach anymore. They're into softer melodies now, and mostly they're listening to the words."

Then he hit us with the bombshell. He's putting lyrics to all his great instrumentals. And pretty soon the high school prom set will not only be dancing to his bouncy 5th Symphony and Violin Concerto in D, but also singing along.

"Look for some dynamite lyrics coming up for my Eroica Symphony," he announced, referring to his recent musical tribute to his buddy Napoleon Bonaparte.

"What are you planning to call it?" we asked.



"I'm toying with 'Short People,'" he said. "But nothing's definite yet."

As for his personal life, well, still no wedding bells, but dismiss all those nasty rumors. Lou is as straight as a baton. Proof? Check out that blonde groupie who was in his dressing room at the Stuttgart Symphony Hall the other night.

Recalling the incident he winked and said, smiling naughtily, "You should have seen my Second and Third Movements."

And what about those snide stories around town about Lou's hearing going bad? We hit him with the \$64,000 question: "Lou, what about your hearing?"

"Do I really have to dignify that ridiculous question with an answer?" he asked impatiently. Then he sighed and went on, "Oh very well, I like it with pickled onions and pumpernickel."

This puzzled us a bit. "Your hearing, Lou?" we said. Then we raised our voice, "We asked you about your *hearing*."

"Oh hearing?" he said, starting to chuckle. "I thought you said *herring*" . . .

# LONGHAIR DANDRUFF



Random Fallout Along The Classical Beat by Sammy Quaver



"Murray the R" Ravel

The In Crowd is buzzing about ivory-tickler Freddy Chopin. His "Minute Waltz" may be tops on the charts, but they say his gigs in bed are the pits. "He should change his theme song to 'The Thirty-Second Waltz,'" says his old lady, "Gorgeous George" Sand. Meowwww!... Looks like Big Daddy Haydn (his Cello Concerto in D Major is still going through the roof in all the trade polls) is making other headlines nowadays. Our spies tell us that Big D was just busted and is cooling his heels in the slammer for trying to smuggle in snuff to Vienna... Wondering whatever happened to ace composer "Murray The R" Ravel? Seems he's got writer's block. His latest tune has nothing but the same notes played

over and over and over again. He calls it "The Bolero." We call it Dullsville... And still more trouble in Longhair Alley. It looks like melody wiz Lou Beethoven (remember his humm-able "Missa Solemnis?") is hitting the schnapps again. When they talk about Beethoven's 5th nowadays, we're afraid it's the booze, not the symphony. Friends worry about his drinking... Yock Of The Week: Schloque Offenbach

(he created the kinky "Can-Can" dance) propositioned a married can-can dancer the other night, who gave him this howlariouss reply, "Can't-Can't!"... Getting back to Lou Beethoven again, we're told his latest project is an oratorio for 400 voices—in sign language. His friends are really worried about his hearing... This colyums suggestion for a great way for the French Army to get Prussian prisoners of war to talk: Expose 'em for three straight hours to the (ugh) Bolero!... Remember the torrid duet violinist Fritzie Kreisler was doing with a red-headed beerhall shatzie from Hamburg? Well, forget it, folks! It seems that Fritzie



Fritzie Kreisler

is now playing second fiddle to a cellist jock from Bremerhaven Tech... Dip your quill in sunshine and write a cheer-up letter to shut-in tunesmith Jojo Bach, who's under the weather with some typical 18th Century ailments now going around: sore throat, upset stomach, flu, and a touch of the Black Death. Get well soon,



Flip Mendelssohn

Jojo... Just caught "Murray The R's" Bolero again. It is BORRRRRRRRRING!!! Jewish composer Flip Mendelssohn (people are still whistling his catchy "Elijah" oratorio) and his family have decided that they would rather switch than fight. So they've converted to the Protestant faith. That's funny, they don't LOOK Lutheran... Congrats to "Murray The R" Ravel. His fabulous "Bolero" is number One on the charts. Hitsville all the way. Remember, you heard it here first!



# YOU SHOULD ASK

Got a question about your favorite star? Chances are we've got the answer. If we don't, we'll check it out for you. If we still don't find the answer, we'll make one up. And what's more you'll never know the difference, and considering the way we control their lives, neither will the stars. So get ready, aim and fire away!

**QUESTION:** I hear that composer Joey Strauss is a fabulous surfer, and he and his board are inseparable. How did he ever find the time to write that fantastic waltz?

**ANSWER:** He was hanging around the blue Danube one year waiting for a wave, and the rest is history.

**QUESTION:** I really groove on "The Franz" Schubert. Tell me a little bit about his personal life since he wrote "The Unfinished Symphony."

**ANSWER:** He recently rented part of a pad in Vienna and filled it with unfinished furniture, half of which he painted. He's in generally good health, although because of a Vitamin B1 deficiency once, he had a mild case of beri. He spends a lot of his spare time writing to his cousin Gustave, who lives in Walla, Washington. And he also has an uncle who, unfortunately, is doing a stretch in Sing Sing Prison, in Upstate New York.

**QUESTION:** I recently attended a fabulous outdoor concert in Salzburg and heard the most incredible rendition of "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" ever. It was so real you could actually hear the bee buzzing. Could you tell me who the guest artist was?

**ANSWER:** Dmitri Shostakovitch. And that wasn't "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" he played. It was "The Hungarian Rhapsody." The next time you shave check your face to see if you have a sting lump up your nose.

**QUESTION:** I heard that a sneak thief tried to rob the Bolshoi Ballet last week, and ballet dancer Boris Vorishlov, still wearing his tights and tutu, attacked him with a ballerina's purse and killed him. How could that be?

**ANSWER:** We just got a coroner's report. Actually he died laughing.

**QUESTION:** Composer "Jocko" Rossini really turns me on. Has the fact that his "William Tell Overture" is so popular in America lately had any effect at all on his life style?

**ANSWER:** None that we know of. We tried to speak to him personally about this, but we're told he's busy these days riding up and down the Seven Hills of Rome with a faithful Indian companion.

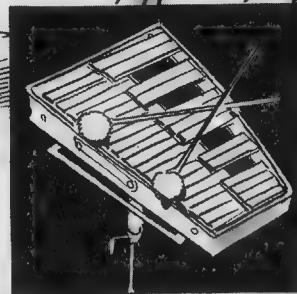


# Do The Frauleins Avoid You Like The Plague?

Sick of the chicks saying "Nix?" When you call for a date, is your shatzie out playing potsie? It could be your glockenspiel. Get with Gluck and change your luck. Turn 'em on to that Now Sound with a dynamite Gluck Glockenspiel, and watch how they all get very naughty when you pound out tunes from the Top Forty!



Available at all fine music stores  
and at the  
**GLOCKENSPEILERAMA,**  
in the Leipzig Shopping Mall  
take Exit 14 off Oextrail 66.



# FUNSVILLE UNLIMITED

Panic the classical music crowd with our hilarious bumper stickers and monogrammed T-shirts. Wear 'em or paste 'em on to the rear bumper of your carriage. They're a laugh riot and the hottest mail order items on the market. Here are only a few of our current, nation-wide best sellers:



Also such all time favourites as, "The Toreador Song Is Bull-%!,\$," "Jascha Heifitz Fiddles Around," "With A Name Like Camille Saint-Seans, No Wonder He's From Gay Paree!" and many many more. Send cheques or postal orders c/o this magazine. T-shirts £3 each. Bumper stickers 50p apiece. (£299 with complete carriage ensemble\*)

\*This last offer not good in Roumania, Swabia, Luxemburg and other countries where the post office doesn't mail horses.

# IF THEY CAN PUT A MAN ON THE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



... invent a parking meter that can give change of a pound note?



... market a roll of Scotch tape that's easy to start every time!?



... devise a "child proof" medicine bottle that isn't also adult-proof!?



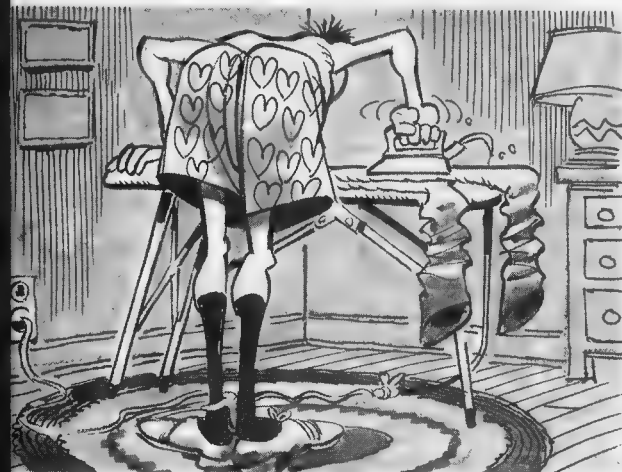
... design a raffle ticket that has enough space for you to write your name, address and telephone number!?



... invent a "Smoke Detector" that knows the difference between a real fire and a hamburger that's cooking!?



... make a better-grade golf shirt that doesn't have a tacky little animal insignia over the pocket!?



... make a "permanent press" garment that doesn't need touching up with a cool iron!?



... develop an effective way to keep fast-food French fries hot!?

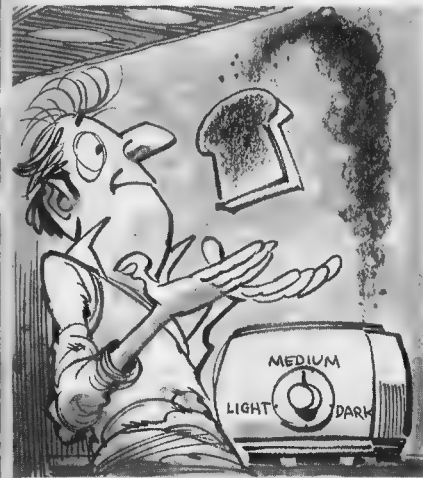


... make a knitting pattern for a do-it-yourself toupee!?



# MOON, THEN WHY CAN'T THEY...

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



... make a toaster that actually toasts the way the dial is set!?



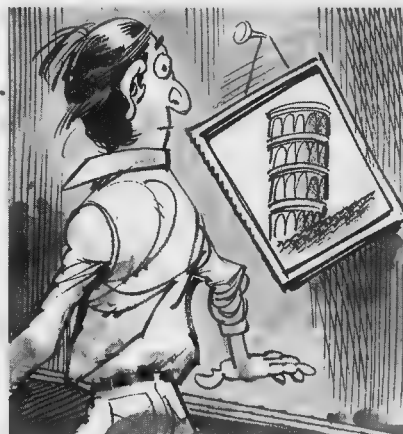
... invent an electric can opener whose blade is easy to keep clean!?



... manufacture ice cube trays that allow for easy removal of the cubes!?



... manufacture a ballpoint pen that doesn't leave a little blob of ink on the page whenever you start to write!?



... construct a picture frame that doesn't slide crooked every time someone walks by it!?



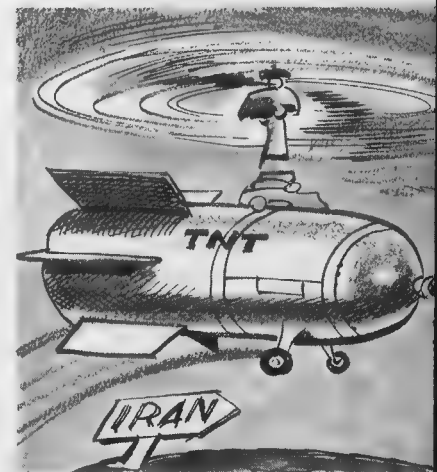
... develop a clear plastic wrap that doesn't bunch up and cling together the second you pull it off the roll!?



... print a newspaper that doesn't make your hands black as you read!?



... judge ahead of time that a motion picture or a West End play is a flop!?



... manufacture a helicopter that can actually reach Iran!?



... manufacture a box of cookies that can be opened at either end!?



... have guests that viewers want to see on TV talk shows?



... construct a check and window envelope that line up correctly!?

# IF THEY CAN PUT A MAN ON THE



... make a tiny screw for eyeglasses that doesn't come loose regularly!?



... invent a popcorn machine that pops all of the kernals!?



... design a shirt collar that doesn't keep popping out of a man's suit jacket!?

# MOON, THEN WHY CAN'T THEY...



... train parking attendants to drive at a normal speed!?

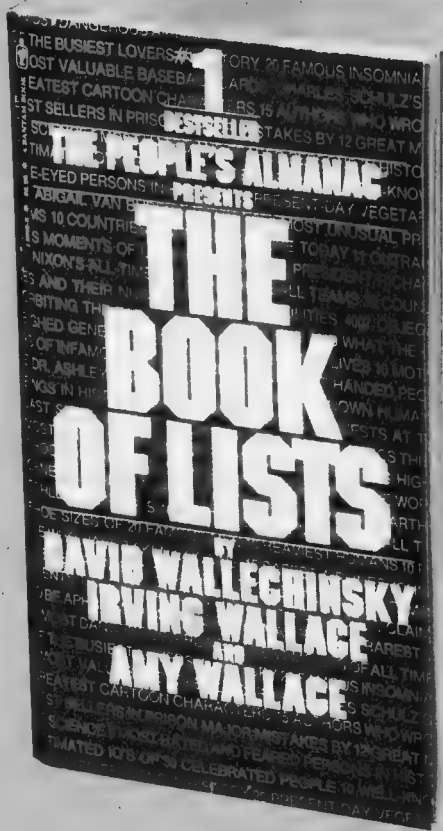


... construct a really sound-proof wall between twin movie theaters!?

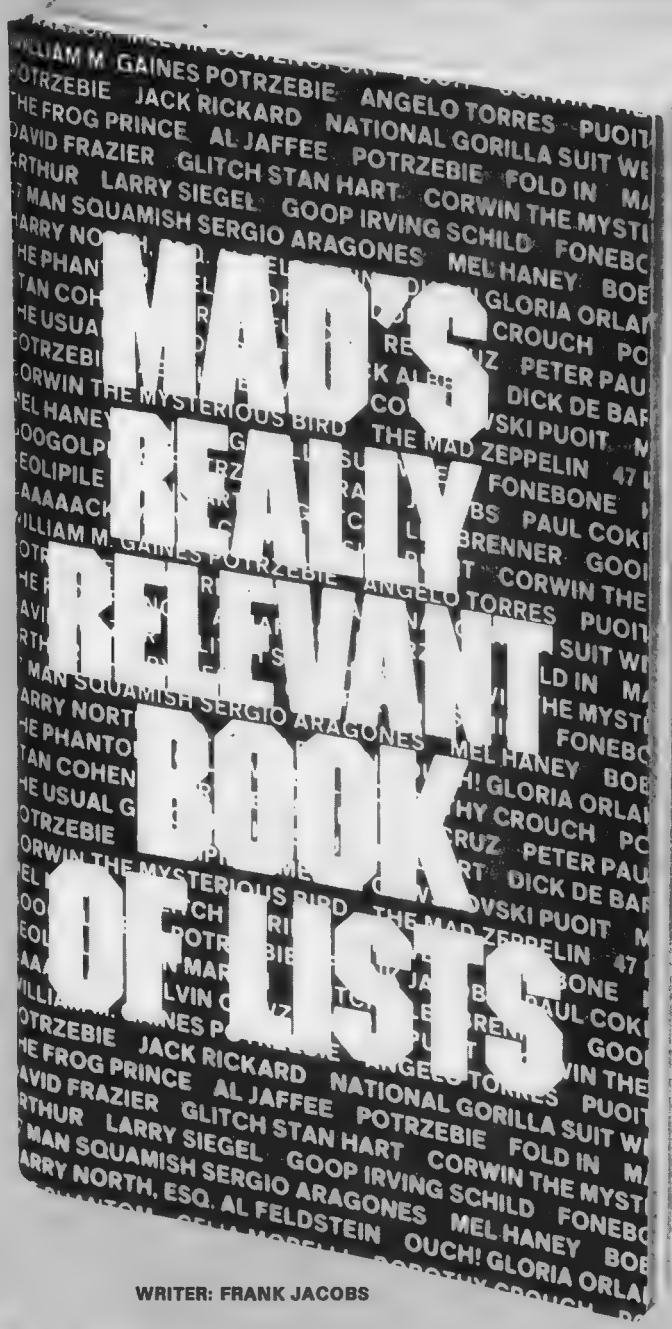


... develop a spray deodorant whose fumes don't choke you to death every morning!?





One of the most popular books in recent years is "The Book Of Lists." It's loaded with lists, such as "11 Prominent Coffee Drinkers," "10 Famous Snorers," "17 Animals With Pouches" and "The 12 Heaviest Humans." The only problem is: the book doesn't have much to do with everyday living! So MAD has done its usual thing, and now presents—



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

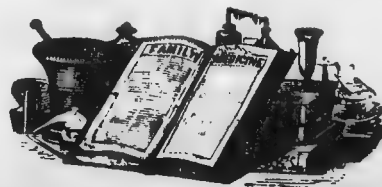
## THE 8 EXPRESSIONS CAUSING THE GREATEST FEAR

1. "It's spreading."
2. "The V.A.T. is calling."
3. "Hold it right there, mush."
4. "I am trying to stop!"
5. "We're not alone."
6. "You're being transferred to Workington."
7. "I can't kill it."
8. "There's no cause for alarm."



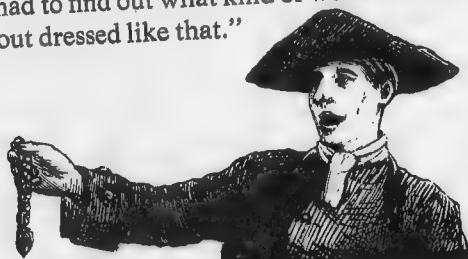
## THE 8 MOST EFFECTIVE MEDICAL COP-OUTS

1. "It's going around."
2. "It's all in your mind."
3. "It's probably inherited."
4. "It's too early to tell."
5. "It's too late to do anything."
6. "We'll run some tests."
7. "We'll run more tests."
8. "The tests are inconclusive."



## 9 VERY UNSUCCESSFUL PICK-UP LINES

1. "Would you like to see my boa constrictor?"
2. "Is that a false nose?"
3. "You look just like my mother."
4. "I'm drunk."
5. "Hi, my friends call me Creepy."
6. "Would you like to come to a party in my toolshed?"
7. "I just threw up."
8. "You're ugly but you intrigue me."
9. "I had to find out what kind of woman would go out dressed like that."



## 6 COMMENTS TO AVOID MAKING WITH A WOMEN'S LIBBER

1. "What's happening, baby?"
2. "Whaddya expect from a woman driver?"
3. "You're an elegant broad."
4. "She does it as well as a guy."
5. "What do you think of girl jocks?"
6. "So long, kid."



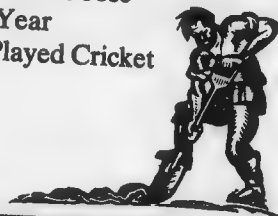
## 6 SUREFIRE LINES TO GET HIM TO BREAK OFF THE RELATIONSHIP

1. "I do karate chops in my sleep."
2. "I'm into not bathing."
3. "I collect dead spiders and keep them in jars in my closet."
4. "I start out the day with raw onions."
5. "I'm pregnant and I don't know who the father is."
6. "My Uncle Vito and his capo want to talk to you."



## 9 LEAST INSPIRED MAD PREMISES

1. The Lighter Side Of Terrorism
2. Terminal Diseases to Match Your Career
3. You Know You Should Change Your Sex When . . .
4. Hysterical Logarithms
5. Don Martin Looks At Wigan
6. If Famous Celebrities Were Into Strip-Mining
7. The Degenerate's Mother Goose
8. Mad's Busboy of the Year
9. If Albanian Women Played Cricket



## 8 MEMORABLE MODERN DISASTERS

1. The Pound
2. Billy Carter
3. "Star-Trek—the Motion Picture"
4. Enoch Powell
5. Ilie Nastase
6. The Common Market
7. The Postal Service
8. Mrs Thatcher



## 9 PIECES OF FLATTERY WE COULD DO WITHOUT

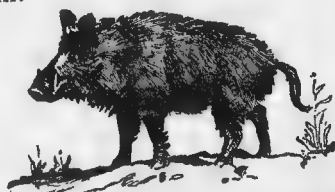
1. "You're a helluva good loser."
2. "You're really terrific to put up with my playing around."
3. "You're lucky—most men would have fractured both arms."
4. "You're brave—most men would have passed out from the pain."
5. "You take insults beautifully."
6. "You may not be good-looking, but you're sweet."
7. "You've been calm and cool all through this earthquake."
8. "You've taken your bankruptcy like a man."
9. "You never flinched when they mugged us."





### 7 POLITE COMMENTS YOU CAN MAKE TO A BORE WHICH SOUND LIKE YOU'RE LISTENING WHEN YOU'RE REALLY NOT

1. "Is that so?"
2. "Go on."
3. "Interesting."
4. "I didn't know that."
5. "Mmmm."
6. "Mmmm?"
7. "Mmmm!"



### 8 NAMES NOT TO NAME YOUR BABY BOY

1. Attila
2. Rasputin
3. Darth
4. Rover
5. Richard Milhous
6. Ayatollah
7. Satan
8. Betty Sue



### THE 7 LEAST BELIEVABLE COMMENTS

1. "Your check is in the mail."
2. "This won't hurt."
3. "I don't do this with every guy."
4. "He won't bite."
5. "I've got the perfect girl for you."
6. "No jury would ever convict you."
7. "Give us a call the next time you're in town."



### THE 8 LEAST COMFORTING PIECES OF GOOD NEWS

1. "Be glad it's only your transmission."
2. "We only have to pull the front ones."
3. "We know who fire-bombed your house."
4. "At least they didn't steal the silver."
5. "With good behavior, you'll be out in 10 years."
6. "He's alive—what's left of him."
7. "The blotches will disappear in time."
8. "Don't kill him—just work him over."



### 8 TOPICS TO STEER CLEAR OF AT A FORMAL DINNER

1. Descriptions of bread-mold.
2. Coping with the runs in Mexico.
3. Slaughter methods at the Chicago Stockyards.
4. Trunk murderers.
5. Raw sewage.
6. Leprosy.
7. Torture techniques in Turkish prisons.
8. Jungle rot.



### 7 UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF MODERN MAN

1. Why is the shirt you want to buy available in every size but yours?
2. Why does your air-conditioner conk out during the worst heat-wave of the year?
3. Why does that celebrated "cold pill" bring relief to everyone but you?
4. Why does your plane leave from the most distant gate in the terminal?
5. No matter how many peanuts there are in a bowl, why do you eat all of them?
6. In a bar, why does the most obnoxious drunk strike up a conversation with you?
7. Why isn't this article listed in "The 9 Least Inspired Mad Premises?"



# YOUR MAD HOROSCOPE

TODAY'S  
BIRTHDAY:  
HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY

## AIRES

March 21—April 19

Your moon is now in the House of Pancakes and is expected to remain there for some time—what with two waitresses calling in sick and a third vacationing in Aruba. The A.M. is a very good time to take advantage of fools. However, seek the advice of an expert before attempting surgery on yourself or someone you love.

## MOON CHILDREN

June 22—July 22

Make detailed plans for social activities you may wish to engage in later in the day. Then, later in the day, make detailed plans for social activities you may wish to engage in tomorrow. Repeat this routine faithfully throughout the remainder of the calendar year and you can easily avoid any kind of real work.

## LIBRA

September 23—October 23

The main star influencing your fate has moved—leaving behind a flock of unpaid utility bills, and no forwarding galaxy. Until such time as we at Horoscope Central can locate the missing star, you're on your own. Best of luck with what you can only be described as a very bleak and altogether loathsome situation.

## CAPRICORN

December 22—January 19

Your cusp has broken into the House of Leo while Leo was on a gas line, and has made off with a portable T.V., an electric can opener and a still-undetermined amount of cash. It would be improper for you to contact the proper authorities and vice versa. Avoid legal clinics, firing squads and well-lit alleyways.

## TAURUS

April 20—May 20

Due to a slight imbalance in the tides, there is some confusion among the stars as to whether or not you really exist. This question will be quickly resolved just as soon as someone makes an attempt to pick up your laundry. Rash decisions could prove very harmful today, so exercise great caution when selecting a salve.

## LEO

July 23—August 22

What was believed to have been the main star guiding your life now appears to be nothing more than an enormous chunk of Skylab still floating around the atmosphere. This means that any advice you've ever read in this or any other horoscope has been way off base. We sincerely apologize for any inconveniences suffered.

## SCORPIO

October 24—November 21

You can make many of your loved ones much brighter today by giving them a quick coat of semi-gloss, outdoor paint. Puttying-up the holes, however, would be ill-advised. A lifelong loyalty has not been misplaced—it has been stolen—along with all of your traveler's checks. Remain healthy, but take your sick days.

## AQUARIUS

January 20—February 18

A long and trusted friend may be in a bit of a testy mood today, so make allowances for a punch in the mouth, a bowl of exceptionally well-seasoned chile in your lap, or just some scathing verbal abuse. No new problems will develop during this month. Your old problems are more than sufficient to finish you off.

## GEMINI TWINS

May 21—June 21

New movement in the stars suggest that you are not twins at all but rather clones! This may be why your mother's face is always razored out of the family portrait. The evening is an excellent time for you to get together with persons whose ideas are similar to your own unless, of course, you are a real moron.

## VIRGO

August 23—September 22

Some foreign intrigue. A short man in France is now plotting to overthrow your mother and move in with your father. Making matters worse, the short man is a bureaucrat. Meanwhile, your impatience with the legal process continues to wear thin. Your new plan to set fire to the judge's robes, however, remains unsound.

## SAGITTARIUS

November 22—December 21

A disturbing day. The moon cries out to you: "Haste makes waste!" while the Big Dipper cries out: "If you listen to the moon, you are crazy! He who hesitates is lost!" This is terribly confusing, while at the same time terribly boring—not unlike Presidential election debates. Your best bet is to hoard raw meats.

## PISCES

February 19—March 20

You are the last of the Zodiac signs and this is certainly not by accident. You have relatively few, if any, friends; you are widely distrusted; and your bad taste in clothes appeals only to people's prurient interest while lacking any socially redeeming values. Start drinking heavily.

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



**KIDDIE LITTER DEPT.**

Every year at award time, TV producers get up to thank "The Little People." Well, there's been one series on the Thames schedule that should literally thank one of the little people. Because this show has something "very little" to offer, which affords the Writers of the show the opportunity to come up with a fresh batch of

# DIFF'RENT JOKEs

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

Hi! I'm Phil Dumbmon—TV's first Equal Opportunity Parent! In this series, I play a millionaire businessman who goes to Harlem, adopts two Black kids, and brings them to live with him in his Park Avenue apartment! Premise sound a little far-fetched? Of course it is! But that never killed a TV show yet!

In my last series, I played the neighbor who was always upstaged and overpowered by a loud-mouthed Liberal lady—Maude! My career has come a long way! Now, I'm always upstaged and overpowered by an 11 year-old Jimmy Tarbuck! Uh—where IS Arnut, anyway?

Here I am, Mr. Dumbmon!

What are you doing under the coffee table?!

I'm pacing! I got some heavy problems!

Like what?

Like the "Forced Busing" issue! They want to bus me to another school!

Impossible! You a Black student going to a practically all-White school!

It's not a question of Black and White! They want to bus me to an ALL-NON-CUTE school . . . !



And another thing that bugs me is: The kids in school are making fun of me because of my height!

I just can't believe how insensitive they are! Now climb up on my insteps—and tell me all about it!

See...?! You're doing it, too!

You've got to understand something, Arnut! One of the sure-fire gimmicks we're hanging this show on is "Short Jokes"! Without them, we'd be about as memorable as Billy Carter or a TV Talk-Show!

Arnut... next time a kid makes fun of you because of your height, just look him straight in the knees and tell him you're not going to take it any more!

I've HAD IT UP TO HERE with short jokes! I'm going outside and COMMIT SUICIDE!

You are?

Yes! I'm going to jump off the curb!



Don't be unreasonable, Arnut! In the two seasons we've been together, haven't I been an understanding and compassionate Father?!!

Yes, Mr. Dumbmon!

And Willies... haven't I also showered YOU with affection, attention and material possessions?

Right on, Mr. Dumbmon! I've had about everything a former ghetto child could possibly want... except funny punch lines! ARNUT gets all of THOSE!!

I—I've tried so hard to treat you both as equals to my own child, Kammy!

They're NOT treated as equals! They're treated as SUPERIORS! You give them more time... more attention! They've taken over your life—affected the way you WALK—even the way you TALK...!!

Hey, now don't be startin' that jive with me, li'l Mama! Just 'cause my two main dudes know what's goin' down, ain't no reason for you to be actin' so uptight, foxy lady!



Do you resent me, Kammy?

Not really! Gee... how could anyone in America resent someone who's so cuddly... so adorable... with such chubby, round, pinchable cheeks?

It's like getting angry at the Pillsbury Dough Boy!

Oh, good! That takes a big load off my mind! I was starting to WORRY about it!!

You WERE, Arnut?

Yeah! I was getting an ULCERETTE!

Well... it's time for me... an 11-year-old playing a 9-year-old with the delivery of a 43-year-old... to start asking some stupid questions like a 6-year-old!

Hey, Mr. Dumbmon! I've been browsing through this Sex Manual...

Yes...??

Okay! Exactly where IS the EROGENOUS ZONE? Is it near the West Side Highway?

Uh... no... not exactly!

Then, would you please explain how BABIES are made?!!

Don't ask ME! Go ask Mrs. Carrot!







Mr. Dumbmon . . . you're the **PARENT** in this house! How come you want your **HOUSEKEEPER** to explain the facts of life to Arnut . . . ??

He can get a funnier "roll" with her! Right now, she's explaining to Kammy "how to make a stew"! Arnut thinks he's hearing instructions for "how to make a baby"! It's one of those hilariously contrived Sit-Com mix-ups that never fails!!

Here's how you do it! Most people prefer doing it in a big pot, but I like to use a casserole dish! The whole thing takes about 20 minutes!

But if you do it in a microwave oven, it only takes about **TWO** minutes! It's a good idea to turn over every now and then . . .

. . . and you can add some excitement by placing a stuffed zucchini in the middle!!

Now, when you're finished, remove from heat and simmer for about five minutes!

But, be careful! If you have too much of it, you could get **CRAMPS!**



Boy, isn't that dialogue a bit of a reach?

Sure! But it gives Arnut a chance to react with the first of his fifteen "eye rolls," and follow it with one of his brilliant lines!

WOW . . .!!

"WOW . . .!!"?? What kind of a brilliant line is that?

Don't pressure me! After all, I'm only a kid!



Y'know, the Dumbmons are nice, and living on Park Avenue is groovy and all! But sometimes, I get bad vibes! You know . . . like we really don't belong!!

Hey, Willies! The situation could be a lot worse!!

How's that??

Just think! Right now, somewhere up in Harlem, there could be two rich White kids being adopted by Black folks!!



And something ELSE has been puzzling me . . .!

What's that, Willies?

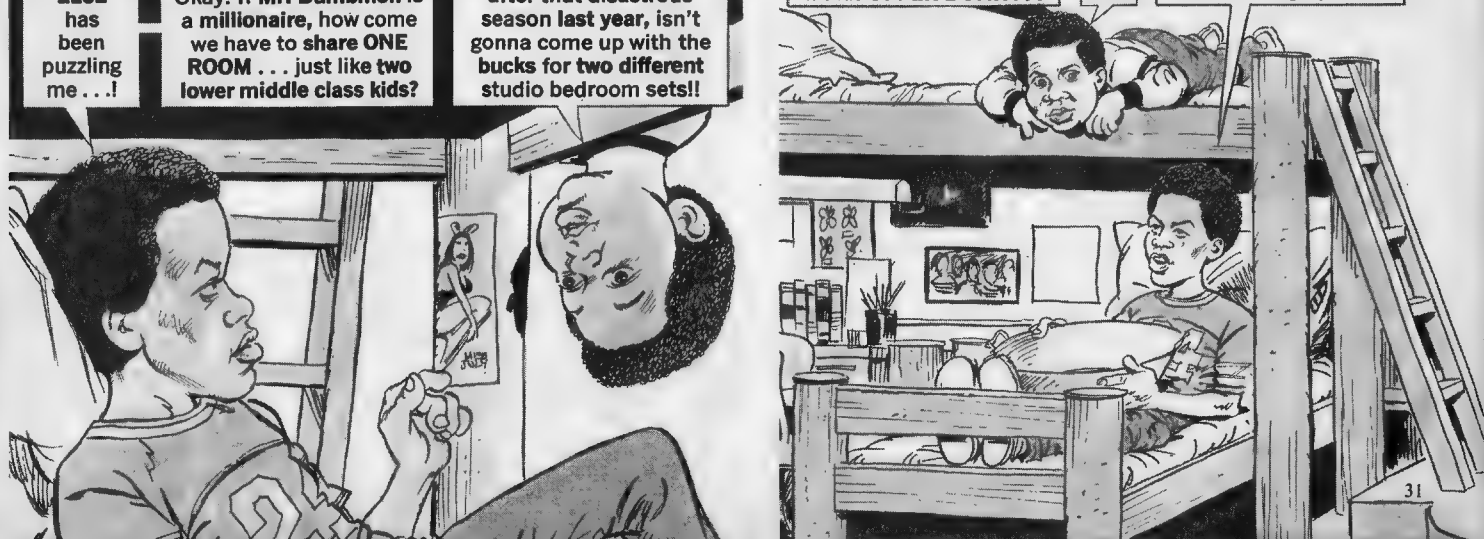
Okay! If Mr. Dumbmon is a millionaire, how come we have to share **ONE ROOM** . . . just like two lower middle class kids?

**MR. DUMBMON** may be a millionaire, but **NBC**, after that disastrous season last year, isn't gonna come up with the bucks for two different studio bedroom sets!!

Well, I just don't like the idea of you being in that **UPPER BUNK** . . .

Why not?

I understand there's a "Bed Wetting" episode coming up soon!



Arnut... have you thought about what you want to be when you grow up...?

Yeah! A Scientist or a Teacher or a Physicist or something even more important... an All-Night Disc Jockey! But enough about me! Let's talk about YOU! What do YOU think I'll be?

A replacement for the midget on Fantasy Island, or a figurine on a wedding cake, or a doll hanging on someone's rear view mirror, or—

Hey... cool it, huh, Willies! Enough with the short jokes!!

Sure, kid! With your height, this conversation is probably going over your head, anyway!

Hey, gang, where's Arnut?

He's in his room—sulking from too many short jokes!

Well... I guess that leaves the four of us!

Yeah! "Second Banana City"!

Nonsense! We're four exciting secondary characters who can sustain a scene by ourselves—WITHOUT that reject from "Sesame Street"!

I'll start off!

Now... if you don't clean up your room, I'll have to reduce your allowance!

MY MOTHER! But I thought she was YOUR MOTHER!

Arnut, you're late! You really had us worried!

Oops! Looks like we're all out of peanut butter! How about farfel instead?!

Hold It!! This is INSANE!! We're all throwing STRAIGHT LINES!!

Some strange incredible force has suddenly taken over!

It's—it's "SECOND BANANA—ITIS"!!

Isn't there ANYONE here who can throw a PUNCH line?

I CAN!! I'm at that in-between, awkward age! I'm too YOUNG to star in "ROOTS"... and I'm too OLD for breast feeding!!

The end table is talking!

It's not the end table! It's ME!!

Arnut! What are you doing out of your room?!

Saving your careers!!

My Wife is complaining to me about your little Son, here!

What's the trouble?

He's been walking back and forth BETWEEN HER LEGS!!

Arnut... is that TRUE?!

Oooops!! It looks like the BUBBLE GUM hit the fan!!

Uh—are you sure that's the correct expression?

For a 9 o'clock PRIME TIME SHOW, it is!!



Arnut, it may have been cute when you walked under the pay toilet door! And it was adorable when you pretended to be struck dead by that toy train! But you can't keep walking under ladies' legs!

That's my style! I'm so CUTE, I usually get away with stuff like that!

You really think you're the hottest thing around, don't you?

Le'me put it this way! 40 million fans don't write in every week wanting to pinch YOUR cheeks!



How'd you like me to put you over my ankle and spank you with a pencil?!

On second thought, I think it's time to teach you some humility! YOU know the punishment when you get TOO CONCEITED, Arnut!!

Again with the "Short Jokes"!!

No, Mr. Dumbmon! Not that! ANY-THING but that!

Yes... the "Former Child Star" closet!



Here they are! RODNEY ALLEN WHOOPIE and MASON WHEEZE, two kids who were once as hot as you! Today, they're listed under "Where Are They Now"!!

I'll be good, Mr. Dumbmon!! I promise!! I'll be good!

Okay, settle down everybody! Dinner's on...

Arnut, have you noticed that Mrs. Carrot acts very strange for a White housekeeper?

How's that...? She doesn't drink, and she doesn't steal!

I guess she must be from one of the newer agencies!

Hello, everybody! We're back for more help...!



Who's he? Leery... from the "Hello Leery" TV Series!

Why's he always barging in with his family?

It's called "Crossover"! It's part of the Network strategy to merge the characters of two shows! They feel his appearance will help your ratings!

HE... help MY ratings?! That's like having Shelley Winters help Cheryl Ladd look pretty!

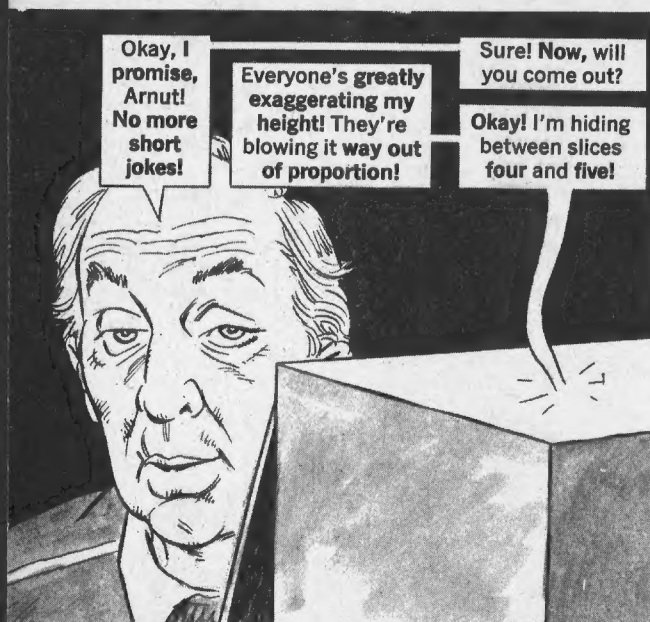
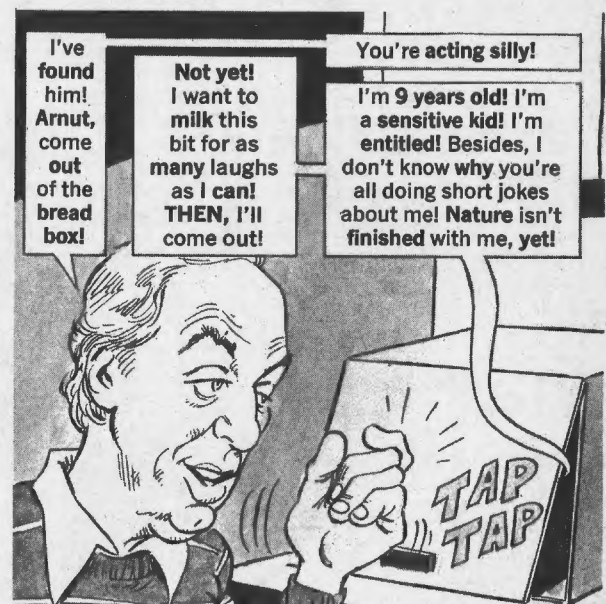
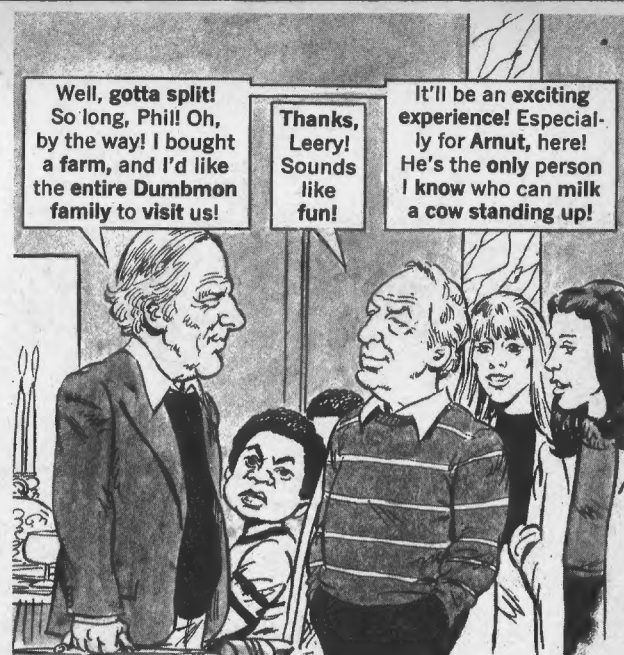
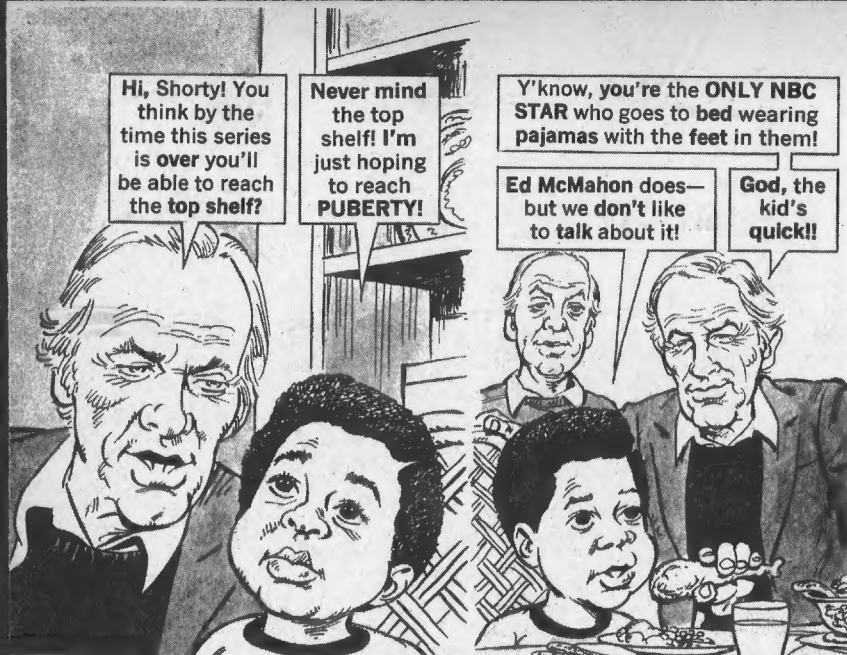
Isn't that McLain Stevenspoon...?

Yeah! He's had more TV Series than Carter has made speeches!

And I think he's FAILED with more of them, too!

Right now, since we're not too heavy into any plot—and if we WERE, it wouldn't matter—I think I'll get into a rapid-fire exchange of ONE LINERS with the "Midget of Soul"!









We tried hormone injections, vitamins, clinics in Switzerland, Wheaties and brisket with no salt! Nothing's working! Arnut hasn't grown an inch in the past year! He CAN'T go through life sitting on TELEPHONE BOOKS!!

I understand, Mr. Dumbmon! I've seen a lot of these cases . . .

And . . .?? What's your diagnosis?

I've got good news—and bad news! The good news is: You'll be saving a lot of money on Arnut's wardrobe! Because the bad news is: Arnut has STOPPED GROWING!!

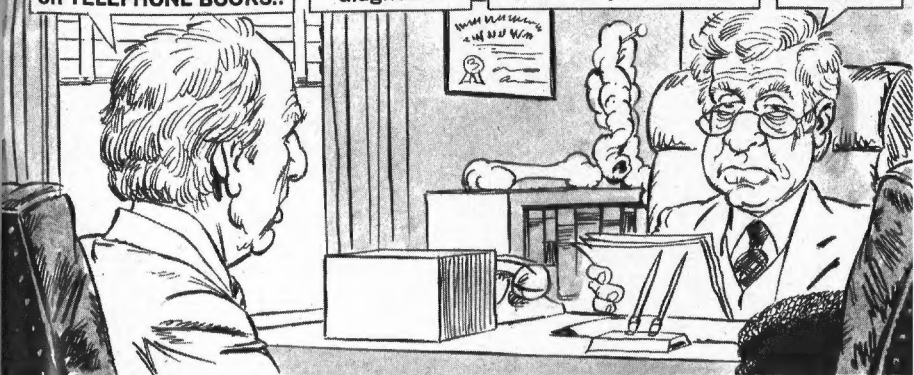
That's not possible . . .!

Okay . . . let me put it ANOTHER way! He'll NEVER be nicknamed "TOO TALL JONES!"

STOPPED GROWING?!? Does this mean that when I die, they're only gonna bury me THREE FEET under?!

Doc, there must be a medical explanation for this!

There IS! Smoking CIGARETTES has stunted his growth!



Is it TRUE, Arnut? You've been smoking BEHIND MY BACK?!

FOUR PACKS?!

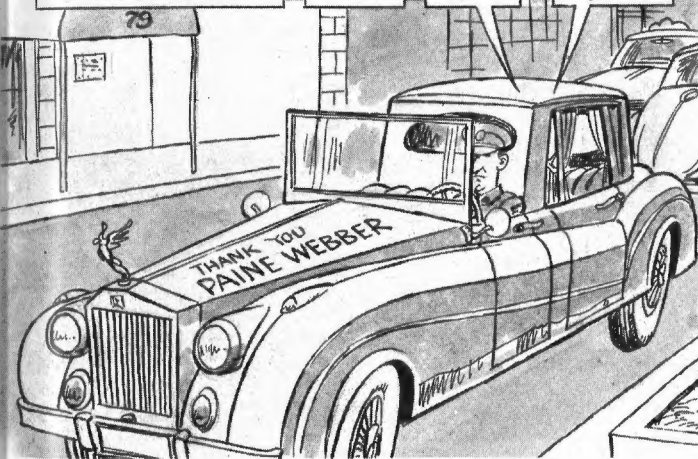
King size!

KING SIZE?!?

Without filters!

You're CRAZY!! That stuff can KILL you!!

Four packs a day!!



It wasn't MY idea, Mr. Dumbmon! Some strange men came by and said they were friends of yours! They FORCED the cigarettes on me! They taught me how to smoke . . . how to inhale deeply! They said it would be . . . HEALTHY!!

HEALTHY?! You pudgy-cheeked imbecile!! It has stunted your growth! You're now a midget for life! You call that HEALTHY?!



Absolutely! Healthy for our RATINGS!!

Holy Cow! It's Fred Silvermoon, and the Network Executives!

As long as Arnut stays RUNT SIZE, we've got a HIT SERIES on our hands!

Look what happened to the OSMONDS! Cancellation City!!

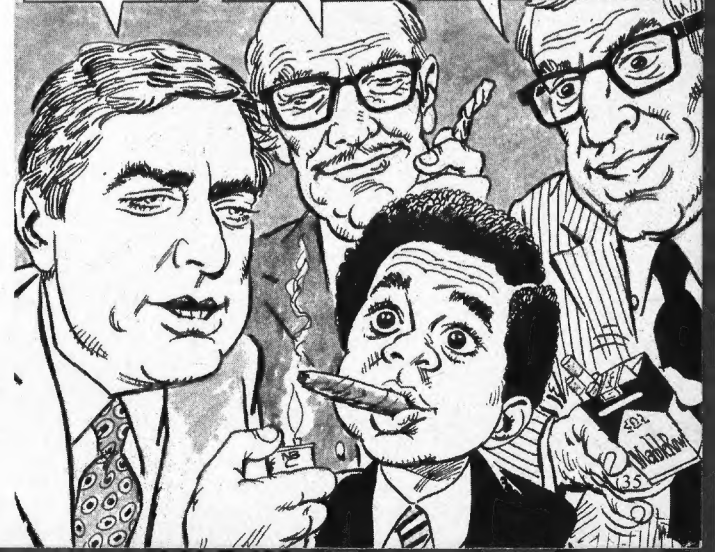
BLACK may be BEAUTIFUL, but SMALL is SHARE POINTS!



Here, Arnut . . . Have a cigar!!

Here . . . chew some tobacco!

Here, Arnut . . . welcome to Marble-Row Country!





# ONE DAY IN METROPOLIS

It's stifling in this stupid house, Clark!  
Can't you even open a lousy window . . .?!?

